

Christian Intelligencer.

"WERE ONCE THESE MAXIMS FIXED—THAT GOD'S OUR FRIEND, VIRTUE OUR GOOD, AND HAPPINESS OUR END, HOW SOON MUST REASON O'ER THE WORLD PREVAIL, AND ERROR, FRAUD AND SUPERSTITION FAIL."

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THE CONTRAST.—A TALE.

BY MRS. M. P. DAVIS.

It was a delightful evening. The clear blue sky seemed smiling above with lovely complacency, while the last rays of twilight still lingered in the distant west. The light breeze of evening gently waved the tops of the lofty forest, or fanned the sweet wild flower that reared its head beside the path of the lonely traveller. The day had been hot and sultry, and the refreshing air of night called forth the peaceful inhabitants of the beautiful village of P—, who arm in arm lightly tripped across the verdant fields, or seated themselves quietly at their cottage doors to enjoy the delightful season. Happy voices: echoed each other from a distance, while the "notes of the shrill whippoorwill" resounded through the neighbouring groves. But the scene was soon to be changed. A black portentous cloud arose over the summit of the western hills, and spread itself over the beautiful horizon. The thunders pealed along the heavens, and the forked lightning rifted the stately oak of the forest. The winds blew fiercely, and the rain descended in torrents. The terrified inhabitants hid them with fearful haste to their shelters, while from each heart ascended a petition for safety and protection.

On the brow of a neighbouring hill, where the "woodman's axe had laid the forest low," was seen a solitary being wending his way down the steep descent, unmindful of the hour, regardless of the contending elements around him! Within his bosom reared a storm more dreadful, more destructive! He had drank at the fountain of impure waters—the withering blast of the sirocco of partialism had swept over him—he had inhaled its deadly influence, and it had "gone down into his soul bitter as the dregs of death!" He beat his breast in despair, and with phrenzied haste descended the rugged hill. At its base gently flowed a peaceful stream. The maniac approached, and plunged himself deep in its translucent bosom! He has gone! the agitated waves bear him onward, but he needs it not—the raging storm is abated, and he is at rest! Farewell! Thy God will avenge thee. The Great Spirit who presides over the destinies of mortals will avenge thy wrongs, thou lamented, lost one, farewell!

The night is passed—the contending elements are at peace, and the smiling sun once more sheds his happy rays upon the verdant land, clad in the gayest garb of summer. A mournful band is collected by that pure stream. But no traces of the lost one are found! Day after day the weary search is continued, till at length success has crowned their efforts. His body is committed to its mother earth, while his wounded spirit rests in the bosom of his God! But who shall tell us the history of the unfortunate stranger? Ask you trembling mourner, whose silver locks float upon the morning breeze, as he bends in speechless agony over the grave of his murdered boy? Ask of him, and when a flood of tears has relieved his anguished bosom, he will tell thee all. Though the rose buds and blossoms at his head, and the tall grass waves upon the sod that covers him—though years have passed away, still in the bosom of that heart stricken sire, are the miseries of that fearful event most faithfully recorded. And not until the waning sun of his life shall decline, and he be permitted to realize the full fruition of those hopes that now give joy to his aged heart, in meeting his beloved child in the regions of unending bliss, will their memory be erased.

Then listen to the old man's tale.—Three blissful years had elapsed after my union with the object of my heart's first affections, when our earthly joys seemed completed by the birth of a smiling boy. Oh, how indescribable are the emotions of a parent, when he first clasps to his darling bosom his first born infant, and calls it his. Though these limbs were withered by age, and though they tottered upon the brink of the grave, yet

fresh and vivid are the recollections of those unutterable feelings, when my beloved William was placed in these parental arms for the first time. But enough! Two years more, and we were blest with a lovely daughter. Health's rosy hue was painted upon each inmate of our dwelling; prosperity strewed her flowers in our path, and we were happy, comparatively happy.

Oh, the bliss of those balcyon hours, when as the business of the day was drawn to a close, and tired of the bustle and commotion of a heartless world, I returned to my home, and there with the beloved partner of my joys at my side, and a smiling infant on my knee, I perused the sacred pages of holy writ, or knelt at the altar of prayer to offer up the grateful emotions of our hearts, as an humble tribute of love and an acceptable sacrifice to heaven. At such times my most earnest supplication was, that the holy spirit would renovate the heart of my beloved Caroline, and fit her for those joys in the land of spirits, to which I felt myself entitled as a "regenerated child of God." Amidst all my earthly felicity, the dreadful forebodings of an eternal separation, would often intrude itself upon my mind, and create a secret pang that wrung my heart. And often as I attempted to pourtray in glowing light, the glorious attributes of the great Jehovah, to instill into the minds of my infant children a love and veneration for this holy name, the thought of that dread world of eternal woe to which they were exposed, would come like a blighting mildew upon my joys, and crush them in their birth. Yet I determined, by the divine assistance of the holy spirit, to evade the impending destruction of these objects of my love. Yes, thought I, I will offer them at the baptismal font, I will dedicate them to God, I will fit their tender souls with virtue, and pray night and day for their eternal salvation. I exhorted my wife; I prayed with her and for her, still she was a "hardened sinner." Yet she was amiable, she was kind-hearted and affectionate. It was her soul's delight to do my will, and a smile of approbation from me gave her more joy than the admiration of the world. She would weep when I told her of her rebellious heart, and endeavor to pray at my bidding. But all in vain. She still remained unconvinced, "without hope and without God in the world." But still no discord reigned between us; our hearts were united in love.

Thus time passed on, nothing of importance occurring in our own little circle, and nothing abroad save an occasional excitement of religious feelings in the church, which was generally followed by an unusual apathy of spirit—slight contentions and excommunications, &c. But as these things affected none of my family save myself (who was a member of the church) our general happiness was uninterrupted. Prosperity still smiled upon us, and our children were dutiful and kind.

Thus it was until William had attained his 20th year. He was a lovely youth, (excuse the partiality of a father) the pride of an indulgent mother, the hope and joy of an almost dotting father, and the fond companion of an affectionate sister. He was one of nature's happiest beings. With spirits light and buoyant, he never failed to diffuse a sympathy of joyous feeling through whatever circle into which he was thrown. Nature had lavished upon his person her most attractive charms. Unlike his gentle sister, to whom the goddess had been sparing in her gifts; unlike her indeed! He was careless as a creature flinging roses to the wind, while singing the air of thoughtlessness. But Maria, the beloved Maria, was a creature of different mould. Her countenance, though not handsome, was beautiful, in as much as it was a perfect index to a pure heart, a sweet and gentle temper, and a mind accustomed to thought and reflection. She was alive to the cries of misery, and ever ready to bind up the broken hearted. She knelt at the altar of prayer, and her own sweet voice often ascended in mingled aspirations to heaven. But she made no "profession of religion," had never "met with a change of heart," and therefore was considered out "of the ark of safety."

Such were the children of our love, or at least such a partial parent would describe them. And O, could I but stop here! Could the veil of oblivion be drawn, and shut forever from my recollection the misery of those scenes—destruction from my remembrance the bitterness of that cup from which I was doomed to drink! But no; deeply are they engraved upon the tablets of my heart. Peaceful and happy was my home, when the destroying angel came among us, the messenger of death; and happiness fled, and life too, life with all its allurements. An appointment was made for a protracted meeting to be held at our church. I rejoiced at the intelligence. It seemed a way would now be opened for the conversion of my family, and when I knelt for evening devotion, most earnest-

ly did I pray that the Almighty would vouchsafe to grant us his especial presence, that the Lord "would revive his work in the midst of us;" and O that the beloved inmates of my own dwelling would be the first subjects of conversion. A celebrated evangelist from a distant part of the country, was to preside at the meeting, and great things were expected. My doors were thrown open for the entertainment of the brethren; they came in crowds. The meeting commenced and went on with great solemnity. An unusual excitement was the consequence. The trembling subjects came forward for the prayers of the saints. Deep groans from agonized spirits met the ear, and made the stoutest hearts recoil with horror. My wife was among the "hopefully converted." I was transported with joy, and loudly did I shout! A prayer-meeting was held at my house every evening; our children were especially exhorted; William seemed to turn a deaf ear to every remonstrance; his spirits were still unbroken, and he even dared to scoff at the proceedings. Not so with Maria; she listened with a deep interest, and would often weep at the anxiety expressed for the "salvation of her precious immortal soul." She grew pale and melancholy, like one witnessing the fatal ravages of a rude tornado. But she mused in silence.

We assembled for the last time in our spacious church; it was crowded to overflowing. For a long time a dead silence reigned throughout the vast assemblage; so deep and profound it was, that each heart quailed beneath its influence. At length the preacher arose, and in an unearthly tone of voice addressed the trembling audience. He exhorted them, for the last time, to come forward for the prayers of the saints.—They obeyed the summons and knelt in groups before him. To my great joy and utter astonishment William was among the number! He knelt and covered his face with his hands. The prayer was loud and long. They were requested to resume their seats—all obeyed save one! Still he knelt firm upon the floor! Another prayer was offered; but no effect—like a marble statue he retained his humble position! Another prayer, and he was again requested to rise, but he heeded it not. I approached my son and called him by name. He uttered a piercing shriek and fell upon the floor! He was conveyed home in a state of mental derangement. Long nights and days passed away but no signs of returning reason! O, how bitter was the agony of my soul, as I gazed upon the lively features of my beloved child, distorted with madness! My son, the darling of my heart was a distracted maniac! He constantly raved of the dreadful God, and seemed witnessing the miseries of the damned. Hope was nearly exhausted, when suddenly he became apparently calm and composed, and fell into a gentle slumber. We immediately left the room, that not a footstep, or even a breath might disturb him. I retired to an adjoining room, and seated myself by an open window, to enjoy the cool breeze of evening. I sat contemplating an angry cloud, that seemed approaching to discharge its contents with fury upon us. A loud peal of thunder rent the air—I started! It will disturb my son; I gently opened the door;—Eternal Power! he was not there! He had leaped from the window, and was beyond the reach of pursuit. He was however pursued, but not overtaken, till he had buried himself beneath the wave.

The feeble constitution of my beloved Caroline was not able to bear the dreadful shock. Previously worn by incessant watching, she fell a victim to a malignant fever, which ended her mortal existence in less than two weeks. A description of my feelings would be impossible. Language is too feeble, and an attempt at description would be but mockery. My heart was crushed; and I could almost feel my blood freeze in its bounding course! Still I had one sweet bud of promise left, one beloved child, and she was indeed all that a fond father could wish. Though her own bosom throbbed with unutterable anguish, still, like an angel of peace, she gently sought to soothe my woes, and pour the oil of consolation into my bleeding heart.

Time passed away, and with it the commotion of religious phrenzy subsided, and a grateful calm ensued. Suddenly the cry of heresy was heard, and many a pious soul was seen hastening to give the alarm, and exhort his neighbor to beware of the dangerous doctrine of the heretic. Mr. S—, a young clergyman of the Universalist denomination, was to deliver his message in the town-house, the next Sabbath. The friends of that doctrine were forming themselves into a society, and were to have preaching one half of the time.

Sabbath morning came, and the multitude of worshippers were seen thronging to the sanctuary of the Lord, to listen to what seemeth unto them good and

profitable. Maria prepared herself for church, but still lingered at home, even after the tones of the last bell had ceased to vibrate upon the ear. I inquired the cause of her delay; she faintly smiled, and a cloud of doubt and fear passed over her sweet pale face. She asked if she had my permission to attend the meeting at the town house. I was astonished! "What, my child, leave your own church, to follow those deluded heretics, who pervert the word of God, crying 'peace, peace, when there is no peace?' Who are strengthening the hands of the wicked, that he should not return from his evil ways, by promising him life?" Still she entreated for my leave, and I had not the heart to deny her. "Well," said I, "go; but beware, O beware of delusion!" She was transported with joy. She pressed my hand in silence, imprinted upon it a burning kiss, and was gone.

She became more cheerful, more attentive in perusing the sacred scriptures, and, if possible, more affectionate and kind.

One evening, while sitting together in our little parlor, conversing upon the riches of God's love, she broke forth in the rapturous strain of St. Paul, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out." Father, the goodness of God is unlimited, his mercies are infinite and everlasting. His love is like the limitless ocean, whose exhaustless fountain knows no bounds. "Herein is love, not that we love God, but that he loved us, and gave his only begotten son, to be a propitiation for our sins," and it flows in copious streams alike to all his dependent children. "He causeth his sun to shine upon the evil and upon the good and sendeth his rain upon the just and the unjust." The proud monarch upon his glittering throne, the humble subject that bends in submission before him,—the lordly master and his menial slave, all, all share alike the munificence of our common parent and benefactor. He is also immutable, he is from everlasting to everlasting, the same unchanging friend of man, of all men—Child!—Excuse me, father, I cannot go on, my heart is full. The glorious light of the sun of righteousness has dawned upon my benighted soul; its inspiring beams have penetrated the murky gloom that shrouded my heart in darkness, and has discovered to me the unspeakable truths of the everlasting gospel. The scales have fallen from my eyes,—the veil is taken from my face, and the covering from my heart. The gospel presents to my mind a glorious feast, which the Lord of Hosts has prepared in his holy mountain for all people! So, so—you are a Universalist! But is not this strengthening the hands of the wicked by promising him life? No, Universalism teaches that the way of the transgressor is hard; that there is no peace for the wicked, but that wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace! But will the sinner partake of this feast unless he will repent? Hast thou forgotten, my father, the new covenant which the Lord made with the house of Israel? saying 'I will put my laws in their minds, and write them in their hearts, and they shall be unto me a people. And they shall not teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying know the Lord, for all shall know him from the least even unto the greatest.' Whom to know is life eternal." But it is time to retire; come, my father, let us kneel in holy adoration before the great Jehovah, and supplicate his divine assistance in coming to a knowledge of the truth. We knelt together and our prayers ascended like sweet incense from the altar of love.

I was induced to attend Mr. S—'s meeting, and O, my spirit drank of the fountain of living waters! My soul felt released from the strong fetters which had kept it in bondage, as a ray from on high lit up its darksome recesses. My spirit seemed to rise on the soft pinions of hope, and soar to that world of bliss, to meet the loved and lost, who in imagination I had parted with forever. And now as I kneel upon the green sod that covers the slumbering ashes of my wife and son, though tears like rain-drops bedew my cheek, yet joy is in my soul, while hope points me to that "building of God, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Mr. S— has a very flourishing congregation, and a small church of which Maria and myself are members. Though we are a "sect that are every where spoken against," and though "we be slanderously reported, and some affirm that we say let us do evil that good may come" still, with increasing delight we hail each Sabbath morn, when we are permitted to go up to the house of God, to feast upon the bread of life. But my head is bleached by the frost of many winters, and my limbs are palsied by the length of years; and when I have spent a few more joyful Sabbaths here on earth

I feel that I shall be ready to exclaim with one of old, "Lord lettest now thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

PULPIT SKETCHES.

BY REV. J. P. PITKIN, OF RICHMOND.

Growth Practice of Religion.

As John the Baptist, "as the forerunner of Christ, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight,' so is repentance, which it was his peculiar province to preach, the hardy Pioneer, that enters the domains of spiritual desolation, that scares from its cheerless solitude the prowling passion, and praying lust, that uproots and cuts away the overshadowing tree, and encumbering shrub of iniquity, and prepares the way, and founds an empire in the breast for the abiding throne of truth, and the denomination of a general, habitual and persevering obedience to the law of God. We are not to linger at the gate of holiness, we are not to rest satisfied with the religious acquisitions and exercises of the past. — Our minds are not to be confined within the precincts of an old narrow creed, like the pointers of an ancient clock, mechanically moving age after age, over the little circle of the same dial-plate. Nor are we like the poor imprisoned quadruped, year after year, running over the same wires, to be forever treading the wheel of an old experience. No, but we should press into the inner temple of truth and righteousness. Our search after divine wisdom and goodness, should be as free and tireless as the flight of the towering eagle, when he wings his way toward heaven; and our inquiries for truth, as bold as his eye, when it drinks the lustre of the sun. We are not to regard means as ends; we are not to read the bible as if we were fulfilling a task, as if merely to look upon, and merely pronounce a set number of letters and words, were answering the demand of a service which God had imposed upon us. No: but we are to search the scriptures, because they form the great map of God's perfections, threatenings and promises, and of man's duties, fears and hopes, because they point out to us the path that leads to heaven, and that which conducts to hell; because in them, 'we think we have eternal life.'

We are to pray always, not merely in the ceremonious utterance of a measured form of verbal expressions. No: but we are to pray always, to pray without ceasing; that is, we are continually to cultivate and cherish such desires, as are in harmony with the will of God. That prayer which goes up as a memorial before God, does not consist wholly in a form of words, that like the hollow bubble, is bloated forth from the lips—a thing without heart. Oh no! but it is the intense of deep and stainless feeling, that arising from the pure enow of a devout and guileless heart, enwrathes and hallows the thought, that mounts to heaven. As after all, we are habitual sinners, we are to practice an habitual sorrow for our sins; not that sorrow is to be courted and cherished as an end. No: it is only valuable, as it induces us to forsake those forbidden practices, which ought to give us grief. The trembling drop that glistens in the eye of meek contrition, is in the sight of heaven more precious, than any gem of earth; it excites the sympathy of angels, who lean from paradise to gaze on it, and at the sight pour forth a louder strain of rejoicing, than is awake by the steadfast righteousness of a multitude of the just. "There is more joy in heaven," says our Savior, "over one sinner, that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance." But neither God nor angels prize the penitential tear, but as they see in it a cleansing virtue, to wash and purify the soul from whose sense of guilt it flows.

We are punctually to observe the outward ordinances which the gospel prescribes; but we are to attach consequence to them no further, than as they serve as means to promote our spiritual perfection. We are by no means to hem in our religion, by the precincts of formal observances. We are not to confine it to the service of the sanctuary, to the duties of the family altar, nor yet to the more retiring devotion of the closet. No, but the spirit of our religion should be interwoven with, and color all our habits and employments. All our private and public transactions in our several relations, are to be performed as under a constant sense, that they are continually open to the eye of all-seeing, and justly recompensing heaven. It is not to the Sabbath day, it is not in the temple, it is not in the social prayer meeting, it is not at the hearth of domestic worship, it is not in the sequestered retreat of secret supplication, that the practice of true religion is confined. No: but whenever in the most ordinary avocations of life, we transact any business, or perform any duty, whether it be in the retirement of

the student, in the office of public business, in the counting room of merchandise, in the workshop of mechanical industry, amid the perils of the ocean, or in the calmer labors of the field, if we are excited to, and guided in our performance of it, by a right regard for the being, attributes and law of our Maker, we are as really and truly religious, as when we worship in the sanctuary, kneel at the family altar, retire to the closet, or practice any special service which in the New Testament is pointed out to us. Indeed, we are doubtless rendering the very best, the most acceptable homage to our Creator, when by our rightly discharging the common duties which every day meet us on the great highway of life, when in the conscientious fulfillment of the respective employments he has allotted us, we manifest our respect for his requirements, and our readiness to do his will.

CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER.

—“And truth diffuse her radiance from the Press.”

GARDNER, APRIL 10, 1835.

CATHOLICS.

The attempts which have been developed within the last year or two, on the part of the Catholics of this country and Europe to establish and extend the cause of Papacy in the U. States, appear to have excited the alarm and called forth the warnings of most of the conductors of our protestant periodical press. We know not but such alarm is well founded. At times we have felt disposed to participate in it. We know that the genius of Papacy is any thing but republican. The power of the Ecclesiastics over their people is sovereign, and almost unbounded. And, unless we are grossly deceived, they find it for their own interest, and necessary for the security of their establishments, to keep their disciples, if not in general ignorance, at least ignorant in respect to the different theories of religion current in the world, and of their grounds of support. In this way, it is easy to hold them fast in subservience, under the yoke of ecclesiastical bondage. Such, at least, appears to be the character of most of the Catholics in this country, almost all of whom are emigrants from—perhaps the less enlightened ranks of—foreign nations. These may not, indeed, be a fair sample of Catholics—but such most of them are, as they arrive in this country. It may be admitted that there are many learned Catholics.—The higher circles of Spain and France are highly educated. The Catholic priests have the reputation of being the most learned clergy in the world. We are not prepared to say, however, that they are so. But men may be educated in the wrong way as well as in the right. Let the mind, from childhood, be bent down to a particular system, and all its education, extended as it may be, held in subservience to that system; and in such a case the cause of truth and freedom derive little advantages from such an education. We see this remark verified every day, in the Presbyterian and Congregational churches. The clergy of these sects are generally educated men; but all their knowledge is like so many lines running from the centre to the circumference of their religious system—diverging from the Assembly's Catechism to those bounds which “limit the Holy One of Israel,” and returning thither again at every springing of the wires. Such men are educated; but it can hardly be said they are learned; their learning is not free—truth is not the object of it. It is all directed to the upholding of a system which is rotten at the core.

So far as the cause of liberty and truth is concerned, we would about as soon see a people held in utter ignorance, as to be blessed with such an “education” as would rivet their minds in the narrow moulds prepared for them at their birth. We would as soon consent to see men born with flat heads or with feet that would not by nature extend beyond the dimensions of three inches; as, in Africa, to behold the heads of some of the races compressed by art from their birth; or in China, the feet of the subject of his Celestial Dignity fashionably confined from infancy in iron shoes not larger than a gill cup. In both cases the result is the same. In the first it arises from nature, or a want of cultivation; in the other, by a violation of nature's laws, and a false education. The first, being inevitable, is excusable; the latter, as the result of a base design, is criminal.

The power of the Pope over his Cardinals and inferior clergy is absolute; nor is the power of the latter less so, over the people. Educated or not, the fact is as we understand it, that the Catholic laity are bound by the strongest and most irrevocable obligations to their Priests; and the Master of the Priests is in a foreign country—Rome. These facts very naturally excite alarm, especially amongst us, a protestant people, and a republican community too, at every appearance of the increase of Catholic power in the United States.

But then, it is neither just nor fair, to look at only one side of the question now before the public. We hardly hear any thing but Protestant representations of the abominations of Mystery Babylon and of her fend-

ish designs. We are by education and habit prejudiced against that people, and prejudice often distorts facts and commits gross injustice. It is due to the Catholics to say, that, however the Roman Church may have been allied to, as the superior of, the State; its economy is professedly spiritual; and that whatever civil power she has exercised, has been, as they affirm, merely incidental. The Methodist Church is a Despotism—a sort of Monarchy; or rather, an Aristocracy. But Methodists tell us that the power of their Church, as held by the Bishops, is merely spiritual and disciplinary. It has nothing, properly speaking, to do with the civil power. So Catholics tell us of their religion, and the power of their Ecclesiastics. And one is entitled to credit as well as the other. True, in most countries, where the Catholic religion prevails, that religion is allied with the State—and the State in all European countries, is a Monarchy.—But this is not an objection peculiar to Catholicism. It is or may be equally true of any and every other religion. In Russia the Greek Church is the religion of the Empire. In England the Protestant Episcopal Church is allied to the State—and this, let it be noticed, is not a Catholic, but a Protestant Establishment. Any religious sect, which has the power, whether the genius of its government be monarchical, aristocratic or republican, may become, by law, the religion of the State. The Congregational Church government is republican, and yet how often have these republican religionists sought, even in our own country, to unite their church to the State and compel the nation to its support? So that the mere fact, that the Catholic Church has exercised, or does exercise, civil power as an ally of the State, is no more of an objection to that, than to many other religious sects. A Catholic has a right to say that whenever and wherever his Church, (which has a head, called a Pope or Father,) has been allied to the State, it was because the power of that Church has been coveted and secured by the State—as the first applicant. Moreover, he may apologize for his brethren, who have been ready to accede to such propositions by appealing to the fact, that in Europe, and especially in the earlier ages of the world, the ideas of the people were more crude and indistinct than they are now on the subject of republicanism: That in this age, and especially in this country, they would never be any more likely than any other sect, to think of courting an alliance with the civil power. And, really, we think this assurance may be entitled to some credit. We have no more fear that the Catholics, should they ever obtain the ascendancy in this country, which is impossible, would usurp the reins of civil government, than we have that most any other sect would if they could, do the same. We admit that the tendency of papacy, so far as the genius of its religious economy is concerned, is anti-republican—monarchical; and therefore are opposed to it. But this is equally true of Episcopacy. The tendencies of these things, however, are often most fortunately counterbalanced by other circumstances. It does not, therefore, necessarily follow that a Catholic professor, or any body of Catholics, should on civil matters be monarchical. There may be, and have been, as ardent friends of liberty amongst the Catholics, as amongst Protestants. And this remark is no more true of Catholic and Protestant citizens of this country, than of Europe. The French Catholics, to a very great extent, are, and for a long time have been, ardent friends of Liberty—with the great and the good La Fayette at their head. He was a Catholic—but where shall we find an instance of a holier devotion to the sacred cause of Freedom, than is to be found in the history of that man? Look, too, at the South American States. The people there are all Catholics. And yet, have they not toiled and struggled and fought for republican forms of government, and with some success, too? In the war of the Revolution, in our own country, the Catholics united in the cause of freedom, and sent agents to Canada to interest their brother Catholics in our behalf. And who was Charles Carroll of Carrollton? A Catholic till death. To the credit of the Catholics, we believe, it must be said, they were the first to make a legislative declaratory Act in favor of universal religious toleration.—Look at Maryland, a Colony established by Lord Baltimore. Shortly after this Colony arrived, the people in General Assembly—and they were all Catholics,—passed the following Act—the first of a similar kind in this country or the world:—“Whereas the enforcing of the conscience in matters of religion hath frequently fallen out to be of dangerous consequence in those Commonwealths where it hath been practiced; and for the more quiet and peaceable government of this Province, and the better to preserve mutual love and unity among the inhabitants, no person or persons whatever, within this province, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall from henceforth be any ways troubled, molested or discountenanced, for, or in respect of, his or her religion, or in the free exercise thereof within this province,

nor any way compelled to the belief or exercise of any religion against his or her consent.” This Act was passed by Catholics, without any precedents before them, nearly two hundred years ago, whilst the Protestant Colonies of New England were enacting religious laws against religious toleration, and imposing the penalties of whipping, burning and hanging for heresy! Are Catholics entitled to credit for none of these things? Are Protestants alone the friends of civil or religious liberty? Let us be candid. Let us be fair. Let us not provoke our Catholic fellow citizens for crimes of which their fathers, in distant ages and nations, were guilty, whilst we withhold them credit for whatever has appeared amongst them favorable to the cause of freedom.

But it is said the Catholics have persecuted. So they have; and truly we would be the last to justify them for this capital error. But then let us remove the mote from our own eyes before we attempt with rope and cleaver, to detach the beam from their eyes. Have not Protestants, also, persecuted? If the whole truth were known, we think it would be found that as broad and deep a river of blood has flowed from the knives of Protestants, as the Catholics. However the Christian world may differ as to the powers of Church government, the names and powers of their officers, &c., there is, after all, no essential difference between the creed of the Catholic church and the creeds of most of the Protestant churches—unless it be that the former is more liberal. Both revere the grace of the Divine Being to a few; both hold to a partial God, and to an eternal distinction between what they regard as his chosen favorites and those whom he has doomed or left to destruction. Partialism is the same thing under a Pope, as under a Bishop, Presbyter or Pastor. Its tendency is every where as adverse to equal right and free principles; and, though in some very creditable instances this tendency has been counteracted by other causes, yet that tendency has often and cruelly showed itself in both—as often amongst Protestant partialists as Catholic partialists—if the two words may be placed together in the last case without a solecism.

We make these remarks in the spirit of justice towards the Catholics. It is not right they should be made to bear the odium of sins they never committed, or of those which their fathers have committed. We are far from being believers in the Catholic religion. We abhor papacy. We should deprecate the prevalence of the Catholic faith amongst us, as we should any other error; but really we are not yet fully persuaded, that the institutions of our country are any more likely to suffer should the Catholics succeed, than if almost any other system of partialism prevailed. We say “should they succeed”—and we have no idea they ever will. Their increase comes chiefly from immigration. As to making proselytes of Protestants—this they can never do to any serious extent and we are not aware of their ever having extensively attempted it. Certainly they have no protracted meetings—no camp-meetings—no revivals. Other sects have infinitely greater advantages for proselyting than they; and if the danger is any where, it is from some of the bastard, rebellious daughters of Mother Church, who, having turned the old Lady out of doors, threaten to play the tyrant ten times more furiously than she.

But whether the arrival of Catholic Missionaries in this country, the establishment of Seminaries of Learning, of Convents, and the like, does or does not justify all the alarm which the editors of our periodical publications express, there is one thing we are satisfied of; and this is that neither their success will be hindered, nor will Catholics be any more likely to demean themselves as good neighbors and peaceable citizens, whilst in their present minority, nor as the friends of civil republicanism and religious toleration, should they, as dreaded, obtain the majority, in consequence of the uncharitable, harsh and hostile spirit in which most of the articles on the subject of the Catholic Church appear to be written. The course alluded to may provoke them now to deeds of rebellion against the Laws, or, when they have the power—such is human nature—to retaliate upon their abusers with an iron hand. Neither good policy, nor the spirit of christianity, authorizes or requires any other course of treatment towards them than of kindness and a disposition to allow them all the rights of other citizens, and all the merit which they may justly claim. The law of love will draw men to truth and to God; but the spirit of hatred will drive them to opposition and revenge.

TRUTH PROMOTED.

We always rejoice whenever we see our religious opponents willing to discuss the merits of our and their doctrines. There is no reason on earth why any man, who does not profess absolute infallibility, but who desires to maintain or acquire truth, should shrink from an investigation of these subjects. We regard it as a favorable sign, that within the last two years, our opponents seem more disposed than formerly to discuss

the merits of Universalism. Whatever is of God will stand; whatever is false will come to the ground.

By invitation of the Universalist Society worshipping in Orchard Street Church in New York City, the Rev. Mr. Slocum, a Presbyterian Clergyman has recently delivered in that church a Series of Lectures, seven in number—on the “Difficulties of Universalism.” At the close of each Lecture, agreeably to an agreement between the parties, Br. T. J. Sawyer, pastor of the church, replied to Mr. Slocum. Having finished the series Mr. Slocum now attends in turn and hears Br. Sawyer deliver an equal number of Lectures on the “Difficulties of Endless Misery,” with the privilege of replying to each at the close. Hitherto the discussion has been conducted in a very good spirit, and attracted large congregations of people desirous to ascertain the truth.—“We rejoice, yea, and we will rejoice,” in all these things.

A NEW PROPOSITION.

We thought our autodox brethren had exhausted their whole stock of inventions and could hit upon nothing new in the way of making proselytes—we say “new,” because they are as well aware as we can be that novelty is indispensable to the success of those operations which they dare ascribe to the Holy Spirit of God. But in the last Mirror we actually find a new suggestion.—The editor after arguing the subject down half a column, finally lets it out. And here it is:

“If our churches, then, sincerely wish for a revival of religion, let their members manifest their sense of its value, by living as the grace of God directs.”

“Better late than never.” It is astonishing our autodox brethren never before thought of this way of promoting religion. Do, neighbor Cummings, press this suggestion home upon the members of your churches. Insist upon it, that, instead of neglecting their business and social duties, to run after “protracted meetings” by day and by night; instead of making religion a thing to be measured by the longitude of the face or the length of a prayer, they should actually live according to the direction of the grace, not the wrath, of God; and our word for it, you would see a revival of religion amongst your churches, such as you never saw before! And it is altogether likely it would be a religion of the right kind, in which we would rejoice with joy unspeakable, and towards which (if our heresy would not drive you from the work.) we would gladly lend a helping hand. This is the very kind of religion which we have been seeking to have “revived” for years.

AN ORTHODOX STATE.

We find the following paragraph going the rounds of the Unitarian papers:—

“RELIGIOUS SECTS IN TENNESSEE. A writer in the American Presbyterian (Nashville) expresses the belief that there is not in all Tennessee a single congregation of Roman Catholics, or Unitarians or Universalists—nor a single preacher of any of those sects. We have no organized associations, he adds, of atheists or infidels—no Shakers nor Mormons or other wild perpetrators of revelation or “setters forth of strange Gods.”

This must be a pious state, truly, where real religion flourishes unconstrained—worthy to be represented as it is by Davy Crockett. How have they contrived to keep the light out of that State so long? She is a great way behind her sister States. By the way, we saw not long since an account of a case of abduction and murder committed by a clergyman in Tennessee—of course this man was not a Universalist. Pray remember this to our credit. He was no “setter forth of strange Gods,”—a God of universal love.

SALEM.

According to a communication in the Trumpet, the cause of truth is in a very prosperous condition in this ancient town, where Br. Lemuel Willis is settled as Pastor of the Universalist Church. This is one of the oldest churches of our order in New England—we believe; but for several years it appeared to decline. The society in 1827 was greatly in debt, and the Unitarians, taking occasion by its misfortune, succeeded in detaching several of its members to their cause. But of late things have taken a different turn. The Lord has vouchsafed his blessing. The Society debts are all paid, the members and means greatly increased, a fund is procured, and the Meeting house been thoroughly repaired at an expense of eight hundred dollars. This house is large, being 78 feet in length, by 68 in width, and contains 140 pews on the lower floor and forty in the gallery, with an orchestra to accommodate from sixty to eighty persons. It is now, on the return of each Sunday filled with an highly respectable congregation.—This is the town where our neighbor Rev. George B. Cheever, of Deacon Gibbs’ Distillery memory preaches;—wonder if his society is as large as this?

The Church of Rome has appropriated \$60,000 for the establishment of a Catholic Convent at Bertrand, Michigan.

DEXTER RESOLUTIONS.

The Resolutions adopted by the Dexter Temperance Society, in relation to the representations of the citizens of that town, by Mr. Drake, as they appear in the second annual Report of the Maine Temperance Society, have been communicated to us, and it appears they have been also to several other papers, for publication. We give them a place for the sake of justice to all concerned. We have sometimes seen in the friends of temperance a disposition to strain things beyond their natural tension,—to exaggerate beyond what the facts will warrant. Our Dexter brethren, it seems, think this has been done in the present case. Such a course is calculated to injure the feelings as well as the reputation of citizens in mass, and ought to be carefully and sedulously avoided. Because there are some people in a town who drink or sell rum, it is no reason that the whole population of the town should be held up to the public as a body of drunkards. We always regret to see personalities indulged in this cause—when they are not manifestly just. If there is any cause on earth which should be conducted temperately, it is the temperance cause. Violence, recklessness, abuse and exaggeration will inevitably bring it into disgrace, contempt and ruin.

THE DISCUSSION.

Our readers will be gratified to learn, as they doubtless perceived by our last paper, that though Dr. Ely has turned from facing Br. Thomas and commenced a retreat, his indefatigable antagonist is determined to keep a running fire upon him, and pursue him till he falls into the ditch which he has chosen, or till he can drive him into the green and fertile fields of heavenly truth. During the Discussion, the Doctor has not attempted much else, than to try to throw stumbling blocks in Br. T.’s way, and consequently most of the time of the latter has necessarily been devoted to the removal of these incumbrances. He has had but little opportunity to present the affirmative side, in direct proof of his system. The Doctor, having retreated, it becomes Br. T.’s now to finish what he begun upon; and if his antagonist will not reply, why, all is, the public will have the benefit of Br. T.’s arguments. We are not without hopes that after the Dr. returns from his proposed two months’ campaign, wherein he is going forth to war against the High Church party of the Presbyterian sect, he will see the necessity of resuming the subject, and that the discussion, on both sides, may yet be farther extended. We hope so.

In justice to the Methodists, it gives us pleasure to say, that so far as we have conversed with, or heard from the patrons of the *Maine Wesleyan Journal*, either clergymen or laymen, they do not approve, but frankly censure the conduct of its editorial “G.” for the deliberate falsehood which he manufactured and published on March 1st, in relation to one of the chaplains of the Legislature. We are assured, and requested to say, that the Methodist brethren are ashamed of his conduct, and sincerely regret that he should have so far lost sight of sound moral principle, or common fairness, as to make the statement which he did, and then, when requested, refuse to respond to a call for justice. We cheerfully make this statement; for we are not disposed to make the whole Conference suffer for the iniquity of one of its members.

Our thanks are due to Br. Darius Forbes of Chester, Vt. for a copy of the Sermon delivered by him at the dedication of the Union Meeting-house in Gratton Vt. on the 14th of January last. The text is St. John xvii: 20, 21, and the subject “Christian Union.” The discourse is beautifully printed, occupying twenty two octavo pages, and is highly creditable to the author for the talent displayed in it, the chastity and purity of the style, and the excellent spirit which pervades the whole. Br. F. went from Maine, and we are happy to see these evidences of his improvement and usefulness.

Also we make our acknowledgments to Br. A. A. Folsom of Hingham, Mass. for a printed copy of the discourse delivered by him in Hingham on the 18th of January last, in consequence of the death of H. L. Stodder who died in New Orleans on the 20th of December last aged 23 years.—Text—“A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death than the day of one’s birth.” Eccl. vii: 1. The object of the sermon is to show the power of the doctrine of Universal Salvation to comfort mourners in the time of trouble, and is concluded by several appropriate addresses. It is well printed in octavo form of sixteen pages.

Moreover we are indebted to Br. Balch of Claremont N. H. (as we suppose) for a tract just published in that town, entitled “A conversation on ‘Revivals,’ between two Neighbors.” We take it that this article is prepared at the instance of Burchard’s operations in that vicinity; the whole subject is thoroughly discussed between Mr. Colles and Mr. Goodman. It is a seasonable production.

A true copy of the libel and order of Court thereon.
Attest: J. A. CHANDLER.

[For the Christian Intelligencer.]

TRUTH IN FICTION.

"Those who kill the body are visited with opprobrium and censure, while the tormentors of the soul are assured to escape."

"The sun sends forth a flood of smiling rays
O'er the glad earth. They play upon thy cheek,
And linger on those lips as if to claim
Their wonted greeting. Why is it withheld?
Helen, why this sad change? O say what hand
Relentless plucked the rose that bloomed on thy
Rich cheek, and scattered the seeds of sure
Decay? Where is the deep vermilion of
That ruby lip, which late on mine impressed
The token of a sister's constant love?
It was an eye like this, when turning to the
Occidental sky, where Sol's increasing
Disk in setting grandeur decked the glowing
Bill, thus thou didst speak, 'Go brother, go,
As thy vocation calls, go far away
Beyond the swelling deep, at thy return
I'll welcome thee, with joy, to the delights
Around the hearth of home; here thou wilt find
A refuge from all earthly cares.' No joy
Lights up thy countenance. It was not so.
Thou wast not gay, but there was nought of gloom
Upon thy brow, which now in placid
Melancholy settles there."

No pain'suous
Breeze comes from yon ocean wave to blanch the
Flowers of health, that blushed Aurora-like,
As she steps forth to hail the rising morn;
Yet are they all to ashy paleness turned.
No deadly vapors can arise in our
Most healthful clime; nor is there aught around
To generate the worm of grief that preys
Upon thy life; and thou art sadly changed.
Might thy confidant brother penetrate
The secret depths of thy fast wasting heart—
Nay! Helen, I perceive it may not be.
I've pondered much that mystery, a woman's
Heart, till I familiar grew with every
Winding avenue, and labyrinthine
Turn; and, Helen, from thy face, now pale and
Void of every shade that would be broken
Thought, I read, the secret emotions of a
Noble soul, the index of a pure and
Elevated mind that would not bow to
Earth's vicissitudes. I may not ask
The origin of secret weeps, nor dare
Rebuke. But, O let not the broken vows
Of faithless man afflict thee so. Mourn not
For this. Let not the stolen child which George
Entwined around thy heart, bid thy once free
And buoyant soul. But rest thy weak fetters then,
My sister, and once more rejoice our own
Domestic firmament, with that life-giving
Sun that seems forever set.
'Tis strange to see thee thus; for thou hast passed
Thro' various painful scenes of changing
Life, unmoved, upheld by thy strong fortitude,
And holy trust in God.

When Briton's hostile
Foot trod the green turf where we had vowed
To rear the Temple of our liberties,
And Freedom's altar built, and all true hearts,
With patriotic indignation leaped,
And hastened to avenge the consecrated
Spot, defenceless as thou wast, thou hadst us
Go, and for our country's good assert her
Rights. When the huge cannon's thundering voice
Caused the weak ones to flee, to thee no fear
Was known. Thy feeble hands could not resist
The ruthless flames of the fell murder-
Foe. The threatening flames rose o'er thy head
From that same home, where passed thy infant years,
And that splendid pile thou didst behold fall
To the ground. No change came o'er thee then, for,
When the tails and miseries of war were o'er,
We found thee happy still, in a lone cot,
With that loved, cherished one; and when around
Her death-bed we did stand in grief that choked
The springs of life, Helen, thou knelt'st by her,
And, pointing to the skies, didst turn our thoughts
Up to those realms of bliss, and regions of
Immortal glory, where the weary soul
Finds rest when freed from earthly clay, and all
Finally shall reunite."

He ceased, and
Her raised eye met his intent imploring
Gaze. His temples beat with shame that wildly
Burnt upon his manly brow—but not for
His misdeeds—as calmly she replied with firm
Unaltered tone, "My mother, William, yes—
When we consigned her body to the tomb
Hope spread her wings and kindly, Faith
Vouchsafed to grant her clear full vision.
'Twas Freedom's voice that called thee, William,
And our father to the field where incensed
Armies met, and death doth send his arrows
Thro' the mad hearts. The voice of love from one
As spotless, brother, 'e'en as thou, charmed me
With its melodious tones. Absolved the
Idol is that I so sacredly enshrined.
No more do I officiate in the
Demolished fane, a priestess there. The spell
Is broken now. But these were trifles
William, they were nought to the dread weight that
Sinks me to the grave; for there are interests
More weighty far, and dearer too, than those
Which self commands. O, I would sacrifice
Existence and its blessings, to prevent
The hand of sacrilege from passing o'er
The monument, erected in our hearts
To our loved mother's memory. Gladly
Would I lie down on dark oblivion's
Direful bed, could it remove the stain.
To see the dearest part of our existence
Banished from from those we love, and trampled
Down beneath the soil where lies the sinner's
Clay—the sword of human passions, plunged
By parents hands, heedless and wantonly,
In sacred affection's bosom, bade to send
Its living tide of filial love thro' every
Vein by great Jehovah's law—William,
'Tis insupportable. I cannot bear
To see my mother's name passed carelessly by,
A thing of little worth, and thrust to smooth
The passion's path, to dread forgetfulness.
The now indifferent, once tender husband,
Treats it now as useless sound, or as what
Was, and is no more realized. As late
I sat in darkness by her grave, I prayed
I might be spared the sight, I might not see
A stranger moving in the sphere graced by
My mother with such dignity. I sought
For Mercy's ear, and whispered my petitions
There. I fear 'twas wrong and I must still survive.
But are these sentiments exclusively
My own? did they originate with me?
Or are they planted in the nature of
Each child, and dost thou, William, feel the same?"

Causeless the interrogative; each knew
The other's thoughts, but sought reserve, lest words
Should break the weak and trembling chords of life.
And William saw his sister fade away,
And hang her head as drooping lilies do.
Secreting his own sorrows deep within
Himself, he sought to lure away the cloud
Of gathering storms that hung around her head.
Futile attempt! he had discovered all
The sorrows he so ill deserved, to her
From whose perception he had wished to keep
Them still. The fountain burst its barrier.
The flood rushed on in all its strength,
And Helen saw the ineffable
Effort to suppress the struggle now evinced
By his intelligent, and still changing
Countenance. Abandoning all coldness
He assumed his sister's plaintive strain.
"What child that has a spark of heaven's true
Fire, that does not such stigma feel, as if
A mother's memory were nought.
O, painful 'tis indeed, to hear such words
From him who taught us to revere the name.
One which awakens kind remembrances,
And casts round us a hallowed awe. A name
That lives when she that bore it tingles with
The dust. O Helen, I was shocked when I
Beheld the workings of the human heart."

"The heart of man. I cannot fathom it.
A strange incongruous mass, perverted
Virtue, passions impetuous and stern,
And brutalized, which surely must plunge him
In Charybdis misery."

When our father
Seemed so agonized that we did fear his
Paralytic soul would hasten to resign
His dearest partner's, was it the effect
Of affection? "This is not the world
For those who know no change, or guile.
The slender threads of matrimony break
Whenever death doth touch them: the only ones
That do resist his scythe are those of
Filial love. Yes, Helen, it will be.
I feel the proofs within me here. We poor
Lone orphans—save the indigent, who shared
Her sympathy and care—alone must keep
Inviolate this most sacred relic.
He who should be the first this pious
Duty to perform, the last to leave undone,
Is after shadows gone and soon will triumph
O'er our mother's grave."

But Helen, hark!
The sound of rattling wheels! they come, they come,
O dreadful hour that brings it to my view.
The crisis now is ours." But he knew not
The words portentous. The carriage stopped.
Light steps were at the door. Helen moved not.
She heard her brother's, she heard no more.
And when the stranger's foot touched the bright
Persian hues, she found them brightened by a
Richer dye, drenched in the blood of Helen's
Heart.

She lies among the dead. Her brother
Raves a maniac in the earth, and o'er
Her ashes weeps in his wild delirium,
While the father revels in a stranger's smiles.
A LADY.

[From the Independent Messenger.]

ORTHODOXY vs. TAYLORISM.

We cut the following article from the
"New England Telegraph," Rev. M.
Thatcher's paper, just to show our read-
ers what is going on between the high
and low Orthodox, or perhaps, as Mr.
Thatcher would say, between the Ortho-
dox and new fashioned heretics. To be
truly Orthodox a man must be thorough-
ly Anti-Masonic, Anti-Arminian, Anti-
Unitarian, Anti-Tayloristic, &c.; i. e.
he must be thoroughly Calvinistic.—
When Jesus said—"it is easier for a
camel to go through the eye of a needle
than for a rich man to enter into the
kingdom of Heaven"—it was asked
with astonishment, "who then can be
saved?" If Mr. Thatcher's Orthodoxy
is essential to salvation, few indeed will
ever enter into the kingdom of heaven.
We read his paper with considerable in-
terest, on account of the uncompromising
rigor with which he maintains the
pure old Calvinistic Creed, and denoun-
ces all who do not come up to the mark.
We learn that even some of the staunch-
est of our Hopkingsians, deem him 'a
sharp threshing instrument' in their
churches. A "Circular" recently sent
forth by several clergymen of this stamp
indicates that they would gladly escape
the severities of Mr. Thatcher's reform.
We do not precisely understand how
these matters are arranged, or how far
Mr. T. is carrying his measures of puri-
fication; but there is "movement among
the palm trees," that announces the de-
velopment of important results. If tal-
ent and zeal can reanimate the withered
remains of Calvinism, it will be done.
We have no faith however, that the op-
eration is possible. God must interpose
by miracle to accomplish such a work,
which we humbly apprehend his honor
forbids. "Whoso readeth let him un-
derstand."

REPLY TO "PHILANDER."

MR. EDITOR.—In perusing your last
paper, I find proposed for consideration
the three following questions: viz.

"1. Is it consistent for an Orthodox
minister to exchange pulpits with one
who is known to be a *Freemason*?"

"2. Is it consistent for an Orthodox
minister to exchange pulpits with one
who is known to advocate the peculiari-
ties of the *New-Haven Theology*?"

"3. Is it consistent for an Orthodox
minister to attend and take a part at a
protracted meeting, where he knows, that
the Pastor is a *Freemason*, or in such
meeting to unite with those who are con-
sidered *Taylorites*?"

The above questions are certainly not
without their practical importance, and
they deserve a serious and candid an-
swer. The subject involved in each of
the questions, too, may be set in its
proper light before the public. The time
is not now, as it was once, when the
principles of *Freemasonry* were conceal-
ed from all but *Freemasons*. Those
principles have been laid open. From
the time that Morgan made his disclo-
sures, and was murdered for his temer-
ity, and especially since the sitting of
the "Le Roy Convention," every one
who could read has had opportunity to
know what *Freemasonry* is, and to per-
ceive its total inconsistency with the
spirit and principles of the Christian re-
ligion. Those, too, who have impar-
tially investigated the oaths and ceremonies
of the Institution, have been convinced,
that *Freemasonry* is only another name for
Infidelity. It unquestionably begins in
Deism and ends in Atheism. Let any
one trace the several Degrees from the
first to the thirty-third; and he must be
ignorant even in speculation of what
Christianity is, if he does not perceive
that *Freemasonry* is its *opposite*. Every
adhering *Freemason*, then, does, in re-
ality belong to a club of *Infidels*. In say-
ing this, I do not mean to affirm, that
every nominal *Freemason* is an *Infidel*.
Far from it. Very many nominal *Freemasons*
are totally ignorant of the real
principles and design of their own insti-
tution. But, notwithstanding their igno-
rance, they belong to a combination
whose design and tendency, are to pro-
strate all law and all religion.

The first question, then, Mr. Editor,
I conceive to be answered. When it is
asked, "whether it is consistent for an
Orthodox minister to exchange pulpits
with a *Freemason*?" it is in substance

the same as to ask "whether it is con-
sistent for an Orthodox minister to ex-
change pulpits with one who belongs to
a club of *Infidels*?" If he can have
ministerial intercourse with one who be-
longs to a club of *Infidels*, without being
"partaker of other men's sins," and giv-
ing countenance to *Infidelity*; then may
he have ministerial intercourse with an
adhering *Freemason*, without bringing a
reproach upon Christianity, and strength-
ening the influence of those who are at
war with the spirit and principles of the
gospel.

The second question amounts to this:
"Is it consistent for an Orthodox minis-
ter to exchange pulpits with Arminians?"
"The peculiarities of the New Haven
Theology" are essence of Arminianism.
This has been demonstrated by various
writers who have controverted the sub-
ject. Besides: Taylorism, or the New
Haven Theology sets aside the office
work of the Holy Spirit. It is, indeed,
in all respects as directly at war with
sound Orthodoxy as Unitarianism; and
it is no more consistent for an Orthodox
minister to hold ministerial intercourse
with Taylorites, than with Unitarians.

My readers must already have antici-
pated my answer to the third and last
question. If it is inconsistent for an
Orthodox minister to exchange pulpits
with Arminians and Unitarians, or to
hold ministerial intercourse with one
who belongs to an infidel club; then it
cannot be consistent for him "to attend
and take a part in a *protracted meeting*,
where he knows that the pastor is a *Freemason*—or to unite in such meeting with
those who are considered *Taylorites*."—
In such cases, the injunction of the Holy
Spirit is plain and decisive:—"Have
no fellowship with the unfruitful works
of darkness, but rather prove them."

It may be said, Mr. Editor, that I take
high ground on this subject; but I am
constrained to believe, that I take no
higher ground than the *gospel* takes.
The time has come when the ministers
of Christ should no longer temporize; and
they cannot reasonably expect faithfully
and effectually to subserve the cause of
evangelical truth, until they come out
and take such a stand as the *gospel* war-
rants.

PHILALETHES.

Good sense and benevolence will sug-
gest the great rules of good breeding to
you, good company will do the rest.

TO ALL WHO HAVE TEETH!

A recent discovery to prevent the future
REMOVAL OF THE DEPOSITES.

THE ELECTRIC ANODYNE is a compound
Medicine recently invented by JOSEPH HISCOCK
Esq. Its use in a vast number of cases has already
proved it to be a prompt, efficient, and permanent
remedy for the toothache and ague, and supersedes
the necessity of the removal of teeth by the cruel and
painful operation of extraction. In the most of cases
where this medicine has been used, it has removed the
pain in a few minutes, and there have not yet been but
a few cases where a second application of the remedy
has been necessary. This medicine has the wonder-
ful property, when applied in the proper manner, which
is externally on the face, (see the direction accom-
panying the medicine) of penetrating the skin, and re-
moving the pain instantaneously; and what gives im-
mense value to the article is, that when the pain is
once removed it is not likely ever to return. The ex-
tensive call, and rapid sale of this medicine, has put it
in the power of the General Agent to afford it at the re-
duced price for which he offers it to the public, there-
by transferring to the poorest individuals in the com-
munity the power of relieving themselves from the suf-
fering of tooth-ache for a small compensation.

The General Agent has in his possession a great
number of Certificates, proving the efficacy of the
Electric Anodyne, but deems it unnecessary here to
publish any but the following one.

We, the subscribers, having made a fair trial of the
Electric Anodyne, can cheerfully recommend it to the
public generally as a safe, efficacious and sure remedy
for tooth-ache and ague.

Z. T. MILLIKEN,
FRANCIS BUTLER,
JONATHAN KNOWLTON,
THOMAS D. BLAKE, M. D.,
JAMES GOULD.

Farmington, Me. Jan. 1835.

The Electric Anodyne is manufactured
by the inventor, and sold wholesale by the
subscriber.

ISAAC MOORE, Farmington, Me.,
Sole General Agent.

BENJAMIN DAVIS Esq., Augusta,
Agent for the State of Maine, will supply all
the sub-agents in this State, who are already
or may hereafter be appointed to retail the
Electric Anodyne. All orders on the State
Agent, must be post paid.

The following gentlemen have been ap-
pointed sub-agents, who will keep constan-
tly a supply of the Electric Anodyne, and
will promptly attend all orders from custom-
ers. Price, 75 cents per bottle.

JAMES BOWMAN, Gardiner. John Smith,
Readfield. David Stanley, Winthrop. Wm. Whit-
tier, Chesterville. Upham T. Cram, Mount Vernon.
George Gage, Wilton. Cotton T. Pratt, Temple.
Z. T. Milliken, Farmington. James Dinsmore, Mil-
burn and Bloomfield. E. F. Day, Strong. Reuben
Beau & Co., Jay. Seth Delano, Jr., Phillips. Fletcher
& Bates, Norridgewock. J. M. Moor & Co., Wat-
erville. Enoch Marshall, Vassalboro. James C.
Dwight, Hallowell.

N. B. To prevent fraudulent speculation the papers
of directions accompanying each bottle has the written
signature of the sole General Agent.

Farmington, Jan. 28, 1835. eoply5

E. HUTCHINS & CO'S
NEWLY IMPROVED
INDELIBLE INK.

E. H. & Co. have, by means of their new chemical
mordant, been enabled to offer the public a very superior
article of durable Ink, in boxes only one sixth the
usual size, yet containing the same quantity.

The prominent qualities of this Ink are, that it is
black at the moment of writing, and after having been
exposed to the sun for a few hours, will become a
beautiful jet-black, and may be relied on as indelible.
The proprietors flatter themselves, that its superior
blackness, durability and convenience, will recommend
it as highly to the public generally, as its extreme
portability does to travellers.

Be sure that each box is accompanied with the
fac-simile of E. Hutchins & Co.
The true article is prepared by them only, at No.
110, Market Street, Baltimore, (op stairs.)
For Sale by B. SHAW & CO., Agents, Gardiner.
Gardiner, Jan. 13, 1835. 3

THE GARDINER SAVINGS INSTITUTION.
Incorporated by an act of the Legislature.

THE design of this Institution is to afford to those
who are desirous of saving their money, but who
have not acquired sufficient to purchase a share in the
Banks or a sum in the public Stocks, the means of
employing their money to advantage, without the risk
of losing it, as they are too frequently exposed to do
by lending it to individuals. It is intended to en-
courage the industrious and prudent, and to induce
those who have not hitherto been such, to lessen their
unnecessary expenses, and to save and lay by some-
thing for a period of life, when they will be less able
to earn a support.

The Institution will commence operation the THIRD
WEDNESDAY OF JULY, 16th inst. The Office for
the present will be kept in Gardiner in the brick
building nearly opposite the Gardiner Bank, where
deposits will be received every Wednesday from 12
o'clock at noon to 1 o'clock P. M. Deposits received
on the first Wednesday of August; next and previous
thereto will be put upon interest from that day. De-
posits received subsequently will draw interest from
the first Wednesday of the succeeding quarter agree-
able to the by-laws.

Deposits as low as one dollar will be received;
and when any person's deposits shall amount to five
dollars they will be put upon interest.

Twice every year, namely on the third Wednesday
of every January and July, a dividend or payment will
be made at the rate of four per cent. per annum on
all deposits of three months standing.

Although only four per cent. is promised every
year, yet every fifth year all extra income which has
not been divided and paid will then be divided among
those whose deposits are of one year's standing in just
proportion to the length of time the money has been in
according to the by-laws.

It is intended that the concerns of the Institution
shall be managed upon the most economical plan, and
nothing will be deducted from the income but the actual
expenses necessary to carry on the business, such as
a moderate compensation to the Treasurer, room rent,
and other small incidental expenses.

The TRUSTEES will take no emolument or pay for
their services, having undertaken the trust solely to
promote the interests of those who may wish to be-
come depositors; and no member of their body, nor
any other officer of the Institution can ever be a bor-
rower of its funds.

No deposits can be withdrawn except on the third
Wednesday of October, January, April, and July, but
the Treasurer may pay any depositor who applies on
any other Wednesday for his interest or Capital or
any part thereof, if the money received that day be
sufficient for the purpose; and one week's notice before
the day of withdrawing must be given to the Treas-
urer.

The benefits of the Institution are not limited to
any section, but are offered to the public generally.
As no loans are to be made by this Institution on per-
sonal security, it is plain that this affords a safer in-
vestment for the depositors than lending to individuals.

Monies may be deposited for the benefit of minors,
and if so ordered at the time, cannot be withdrawn
until they become of age.

Those who do not choose to take their interest from
time to time will have it added to their principal or
sum put in, and shall be put upon interest after three
months; thus they will get compound interest.

The Treasurer, by the Act of incorporation is re-
quired to "give bond in such sum and with such sure-
ties as the corporation shall think suitable."

The officers are:

ROBERT H. GARDINER, PRESIDENT.

TRUSTEES.
Peter Grant, Esq., Hon. George Evans,
Edward Swan, Esq., Alfred G. Lithgow, Esq.,
Arthur Berry, Esq., Mr. Henry B. Hoskins,
Capt. Enoch Jewett, Mr. Henry Bowman,
Mr. Richard Clay, Capt. Jacob Davis,
Rev. Dennis Ryan, Geo. W. Bachelder, Esq.,
ANSLEY CLARK, Treasurer,
H. B. HOSKINS, Secretary.
Gardiner, July 3, 1834. 28

J. M. CROOKER,
WATERVILLE.

HAS just received from Boston, an assortment of
Universalist Books, which he will sell at Bos-
ton prices, among which are the following:

Paige's Selections
Smith on Divine Government
Ballou on the Parables
Rayner's Lectures
Ballou's Examination
Modern History of Universalism
Ballou's 2d Inquiry
Winchester's Dialogues
Life of Murray
Hutchinson's Apology
Ballou's Sermons
Hell Torments Overthrown
Familiar Conversations
Latest news from Three Worlds
Christian Universalist
Davies Discussion
Convention Sermons
Cobb's Sermons
Reply to Hawes
Appeal to the Public
1st Vol. Universalist
Ballou's Examination of Channing
Universalist Hymn Books
An assortment of Tracts.
Waterville, May 31, 1834. 3w*23

FEATHERS
JUST received and for sale by
GREEN & WARREN.

July 8, 1834.

Saw Mill Gear.

TO be sold low the gear of a Saw mill, consisting of
WATER WHEELS with iron rims, cranks, &c.
RAG WHEELS and also a MILL CHAIN 109 feet in
length.

The above will be sold together or separately.
H. B. HOSKINS, Agent.
Gardiner, June 30, 1834.

COPARTNERSHIP DISSOLVED.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing under the
firm of S. O. BRADSTREET & Co. is this day
dissolved, and all business of said firm will be settled
by S. O. Bradstreet who is duly authorized to settle
the same.

S. O. BRADSTREET.

R. H. GARDINER, Jr., for late firm
TOBEY & GARDINER.

Gardiner, October 29, 1834. 45 6m

Lumber Dealers, Take Notice.

TWO first rate SHINGLE MACHINES made
by an experienced workman and warranted to do
as good work as any in use if rightly managed, are
offered low to close a concern. For further particu-
lars apply to JAMES G. DONNELL of Gardiner,
Me., where said Machines may be seen; or by letter
to the subscriber in Boston, Mass.

SAMUEL BOYDEN.

February 24, 1835. 9 5w

Dissolution of Copartnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Copartnership
heretofore existing between William Cooper,
James N. Cooper and Alexander Cooper, under the
firm of WILLIAM COOPER & Co. is this day by
mutual consent dissolved and all persons to whom said
firm is indebted are requested to call on William
Cooper for payment and all persons indebted to said
firm are requested to make payment to the said Wil-
liam Cooper.

WILLIAM COOPER,
ALEX. COOPER,
JAMES N. COOPER.

Pittston, 21st February, 1834 8w 10

PRINTING of all kinds executed on the most
reasonable terms at this Office.

LOVEJOY & BUTMAN,
RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the
public, that they have commenced the
Saddle, Harness, Collar and
Trunk Making Business,

Between the two Hotels in Gardiner, on Water-street,
At the sign of the Horse.

Where they will keep constantly on hand and for
sale, Gentlemen's Riding SADDLES made of the best
Southern Stock. Likewise, common Saddles, made
strong and durable for country service.

Stitch Harnesses, some very elegant with Patent
Pads and Blinds to match.

All kinds of Plated HARNESSES made of the best
oak tanned Leather; Black, Brass and Potted mounted,
and made of Southern Leather.

Bridles, Martingales, Halters, Valises, Portman-
teaus, Post and Saddle Bags, Cartridge Boxes and
Belts and all kinds of Equipments, and an assortment
of Whips.

The above articles will be sold cheap for CASH,
country produce or on approved credit.

Old Chaises and Harness repaired on the short-
est notice.

Gardiner, June 25, 1834. 26

STIMPSON'S
CELEBRATED BILIOUS PILLS.

MOST diseases incident to this and other climates,
are induced in a great degree from a collection of
cold, viscid phlegm and bile on the inner coats of the
primæ, occasioned by frequent colds and obstructed
perspirations. The stomach ceases to perform its office
properly, digestion is impaired, the various functions
of the system are disturbed, the secretions become
morbid, the blood depraved, the circulation obstructed
or accelerated, and a long train of diseases are thereby
induced which may terminate seriously if not fatally.

For these complaints and all their attendant evils
STIMPSON'S BILIOUS PILLS have by long and
general use in this and other States of the Union, been
found to be the safest and most effectual remedy that
has ever been discovered. They are proper for any
age of either sex in most all situations and circum-
stances.

Among the various complaints proceeding from the
causes above mentioned and for which these Pills have
been found peculiarly beneficial, are, pain in the head,
dizziness, stupor, flatulency, foul stomach, colic, fits,
worms, costiveness, jaundice, dysentery, &c. &c. &c.
They are a most safe, convenient and valuable Family
Medicine one dose of which, taken in season, will
often save a dozen visits of a Physician, and much
suffering and danger. No family should be without
them. They are also an invaluable medicine for sea-
men, exposed to the fevers and bilious complaints con-
tracted in warm climates.

The following are among the numerous testimonials
with which the Proprietor has been favored by eminent
Physicians. Doct. CLARK, formerly of Portland,
and Doct. GOODWIN, late of Thomaston, were Physi-
cians of acknowledged professional skill and great
experience in the practice of medicine; and the high
character and standing of the late Hon. Doct. ROSE,
added to his professional skill and great practical
knowledge of Medicine, cannot fail to secure for his
opinions, the entire confidence of the public.

To the Public.

I have used the above named PILLS, for a number
of years, both for my family and in my practice as a
Physician, and knowing their whole composition, I
hesitate not to recommend, and do recommend them to
the public generally throughout the United States, as
the safest and most useful medicine to be kept in every
family, and used where similar medicines are necessary
and proper—Suffering men should never put to sea
without them. I beg leave, with due deference, to
recommend to all regular Physicians, that they make
use of them in their practice; they being, in my opinion,
the best composition of the kind for common use.

DANIEL CLARK.

Portland, Me. October, 1833.

Having examined the composition of which the Pills
of Mr. Stimpson are made, I am of the opinion that
they are a safe and efficacious cathartic, and I believe
them faithfully prepared.

DANIEL ROSE.

Thomaston, Jan. 21, 1834.

I hereby certify that I have used Mr. Brown Stimpson's
PILLS in my practice, and knowing their composi-
tion am of the opinion that they are useful and
efficacious medicines in private families, and particu-
larly for those who are bound to sea.

JACOB GOODWIN.

Thomaston, Jan.